

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1807.

NO. 961.

STORY OF ROSALBA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

(Concluded.)

ROSALBA reflected perpetually on the Jewess, and her fancy naturally warm became once more inflamed with love. Credulous as she was amiable, she paid to the custom of her country, like all Sicilians, the tribute of superstition; she had no other hope, and Laura was continually repeating some new miracle of the sorceress. Rosalba at length decided, and desired Laura to seek her.

The old woman would appear only at night. She was conducted into a secret chamber, faintly illuminated with wax tapers. The dutchess soon appeared accompanied only by Laura.—She thought she would have fainted with terror, on beholding a little figure leaning on a stick of black thorn, and dressed in a red gown tied with a yellow string; on her head which was constantly trembling, an old cap pulled down, but half concealed her grey hairs; a pointed bone covered with shrivelled skin, which had once been a nose, approached another bone like itself, that ages before had served for a chin, her fiery eyes, all over blood shot, were covered with a few white lashes, and two wrinkled cavities pointed out the place where in former times her cheeks had been.

The dutchess after conquering in some degree her fears, addressed the Pythoness, and without attempting to conceal any thing. "I adore my husband," said she, throwing away her terror, "and he did love me, yes! I am sure he did love me: he has now abandoned me for objects unworthy of him; if you can restore him, if you can make me what I was—my gold, my diamonds—all that I have, shall be yours."

The sorceress hung down her head, contracted her brows, and rubbed her forehead with a withered hand. After a little silence, "Madam" said she with a hoarse voice, "I have medicines whose potency in restoring wandering lovers, is infallible, but I know no remedies sufficiently powerful for husbands. However last winter I was called upon by a young princess of your own rank; her husband was in love with a Roman opera singer, who was both ugly and old. I tried two powders in vain. Surprised at this want of success, I began to suspect that there were magic arts opposed to mine. Piqued at length at this affair, that defied my power, I introduced myself into the woman's house; I went to the granary and found it closed with triple doors. You will believe I did not want keys to open them. On entering I soon discovered the cause of the failure of my love powders. I observed a beautiful chicken fastened by his neck, his wings and his feet; he had two pieces of thick leather over his eyes, which entirely deprived him of his sight. I smiled with pity, and seizing the chicken, tore the leather from his eyes, and returned home well satisfied that my desire would now be gratified. Indeed, at

the very moment, when I took the bandage from the cock, the husband of the young princess deserted the object of his guilty passion; he beheld her as she was, ugly, old, wretched and perfidious, and viewing his princess beautiful, young, faithful and charming; he returned to her with increasing love.

To day, we are to effect a cure more arduous. You do not pretend to point out any one in particular who holds the affections of your husband. Since there are so many, my divided enchantments will surely loose their efficacy. But we will not despair; I am mistress of a horrible secret, and if I could but gain possession of two hairs cut by your own hand from a criminal now dead upon a gibbet, I would make sure to you for life, the love of him you adore."

The dutchess shuddered at these words, and dismissed the sorceress; but before she had gone, Laura ran to her and called her back. Rosalba despaired of other means, and vanquished at last by the perseverance of the Jewess, who persisted in declaring, that this was the only infallible remedy. Rosalba anxiously enquired how she could obtain these horrible hairs. "Listen," said the sorceress.

"At the distance of half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel surrounded by a deep ditch: a wooden bridge leads to the chapel, about which low down, is a stone ledge half a foot in breadth. Underneath this ledge are suspended against the wall, the bodies of criminals executed at Palermo. They remain there until they fall into the ditch, which becomes a sepulchre for their bones. If you have courage, or rather, if you have love enough to go to this chapel at midnight, alone, place yourself on the stone ledge, and with your left hand cut the hair from the body nearest to you, I will answer for the rest; but remember, no one accompanies you—you must go alone, and at midnight."

Rosalba was pensive for a few moments, then seizing with violence the hand of the old Jewess, she exclaimed, "I will go!" Eleven o'clock struck. Rosalba, anxious to be gone, called for her cloak: Laura trembled as she reached it. She took a dark lantern, armed herself with a poniard and her scissors, ordered the enchantress to prevent Laura from following, and, escaping through a garden gate, she went through the town. She soon was on the road to Corlione, and found herself in the country, alone, in midnight darkness, walking with a firm and rapid pace, and expelling every thought but that of her husband.

She arrived—she beheld the chapel; a tremor seized every limb; yet without pausing she sought by the light of her lantern to find the passage over the wooden bridge. She discovered it—walked on and coming near the stone ledge, she stooped to look for it, by the glimmering of her expiring taper. This ledge was scarcely half a foot wide, considerably sloped, and inclined towards the ditch: the dutchess held out the lantern, and casting a look down the precipice, discerned at the distance of twenty toises, white mouldering bones.

Rosalba almost fainting, now reanimated herself, made one great effort and placed her foot on the narrow ledge; at the next step, she slipped; she reached out her hand, intending to take hold of the wall; she encountered the leg of one of the gibbeted bodies—she seized it, and made it her support; then taking the lantern from her left hand, and putting her scissors in that, which held the leg, she fearfully raised herself and endeavoured to reach the head to cut off the wished for hairs.

While thus horribly employed, a carriage and six horses passed along the great road. In the coach was a young man with two opera girls whom he was taking to his country seat. He perceived from the road a glimmering light and a woman, who seemed to be taking a body from the gibbet. Filled with fear and horror, the young man concluded that the woman was a sorceress, engaged in some of her wicked deeds. He stopped the horses and getting out of his carriage advanced towards the place.—Superstitious even in the midst of crimes, he called with a voice of thunder, "Infamous witch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living; tremble, lest I tear away your horrid booty, and deliver your person to the holy inquisition!"

How astonished was the dutchess at these words! It was the voice of her husband! in her terror and surprise she had lost the lantern, which fell, rolled along the ditch, and was extinguished; whilst Rosalba, in utter darkness, continued to be supported by the dead body—almost breathless, and fearful lest her strength should entirely fail.

The duke repeated his threats while he was crossing the bridge; and Rosalba forced to speak, cried, with a faint and feeble voice, "stop! stop! I intended no crime; my God and my heart are my witnesses. Do not destroy a witch that merits only your pity.—Come! oh! come to my assistance if you would save me from falling down the precipice!"

At these words, on hearing this voice the duke knew his wife: he uttered a deep groan and calling out, endeavoured to encourage her, he even used expressions of love, which the danger of Rosalba elicited from him. He approached and taking her in his arms, bore her insensible to the coach. He hurried out his former companions—flew towards the city, and frozen with horror and surprise arrived at his palace before Rosalba had recovered her senses.

Laura seeing her mistress senseless in the arms of her husband filled the air with her lamentations: she shook her to restore her to life; while the half frantic duke could not believe what he saw; he endeavoured in vain to comprehend it, and demanded of every one an explanation. The old woman thus addressed him with a serious air:

"Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife; adore that divine model of amiable and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband receive a mark of affection more lively, more striking, or more forcible than this given to you to day. Learn, perfidious man! learn what Rosalba has done

for you—blush for having reduced her to the necessity, and devote the whole of your future life to compensate her for the sacrifice she has this moment made."

The Jewess proceeded to relate her conversation with the dutchess, and the horrible proof of love she had exacted from her. The duke did not suffer the old woman to conclude; he threw himself at the feet of his wife and shed tears of admiration, of tenderness, and of repentance: he swore he would atone by everlasting fidelity for the faults he abhorred: and he implored her forgiveness while he acknowledged his own unworthiness. The tender Rosalba raised him with a smile. She pressed him to her heart and bathed his cheeks with tears of ecstasy, and they united in returning thanks to heaven for the felicity they enjoyed.

From this moment the young Castellamare abandoned the companions who had not entirely corrupted him—happy in an enjoyment he never knew before, gained by virtue, pure affection and tranquility of soul. Castellamare continually increasing in the love of Rosalba passed his unclouded days in the society of his adored wife, his lovely children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess enriched by the gifts that had been lavished on her by the dutchess, renounced by her advice, her dangerous profession. She has often been heard to declare, that when she proposed to Rosalba a visit to the chapel, she knew that the duke always passed by at midnight, and perhaps had calculated on the effects of a meeting there—but this does not sully her glory, and should not diminish the faith we owe to the ability of enchantresses.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring you for behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune should compel you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in confessing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you to your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirits?—And, lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned. The man who will not do this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but believe me, he is not your FRIEND.

Of the late Mr. Webb, the tallow-chandler, who died worth two hundred thousand pounds, it is humourously said, that he "never stood in his own light." *English Magazine.*

The notion is idle, that a man will live easier on a small income, or grow sooner rich if he remain unmarried. Every thing desirable is furthered by a good wife.

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF HIS WIFE,

BY MR. SHAW.

(Continued.)

Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears—
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears.
But ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost—and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had innocence or Virtue been their care.
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep.
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see or force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd:
Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears—
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part, alas! to meet no more!
But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear,
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd
"in vain—
If it has been my sole endeavor still
To act in all obsequious to thy will,
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so—
If I have doted with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less—
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it, for the love thou bor'ist to me.
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love.
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender, for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou?—
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight—
Just Heaven! I cried, from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known—
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own—
But oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss, I ask—I ask no more.
Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,
Even now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

To be continued)

ANECDOTES.

Two Countrymen were to draw lots to serve in the militia. The president of the ballot had been earnestly solicited to save the youngest, and had promised so to do. In order to keep to his word, without any apparent partiality, he put two black tickets into the box, and said to the men, "He who draws the black ticket is to serve." "You draw first," said he to the man he wished to go. This man, suspecting some trick, from an unusual method of balloting, drew his ticket, and immediately swallowed it. "What have you done?" said the president, "are you mad?" "Sir," replied the man, "if the ticket I have swallowed is black, the remaining one should be white; in that case I must go; but if I have swallowed the white ticket, my comrade will of course draw the black one. You may easily know the truth." The president was thus obliged to let both escape, to fulfil his promise.

Some years ago, at Bartholomew Fair, a show man, being turned off by his employer, and being driven to great extremities for want of money, hit on an expedient to raise a temporary supply, which, from its ingenuity, might certainly claim excuse. He hired a large room, and hung out a board thus inscribed, "To be seen here, A WORSE." As the name promised novelty, his room was crowded very soon after he had published his exhibition, and he had, of course, received a tolerable supply of money. Nothing remained but to gratify the curiosity of the "gaping crowd," who sat in silent expectation of some wonderful appearance; but the man, with the greatest coolness, brought in a lean miserable looking pig, and asked one of the company, with the utmost unconcern, if it was not a very bad one; on being answered in the affirmative, he opened a closet door, and displaying a poor animal, little better than a skeleton, exclaimed, here is indeed a most wretched pig; but there, ladies and gentlemen, is "a worse."

A Sharper, who had pawned his hat, going out of church in the middle of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow, feeling his hat gone, cried, "They have stolen my hat." The sharper, immediately putting the hat on his head, and covering it with both hands, exclaimed, "have they? I defy them to take mine."

A Nobleman taking leave of the French court, from whence he was going as ambassador, the king said to him, "The principal instruction you require, is, to observe a line of conduct exactly the reverse to that of your predecessor." "Sire," replied he, "I will endeavour so to act, that you shall not have occasion to give my successor the like advice."

A Gentleman remonstrated with another, who, at the time he was much involved in debt, was dashing away in a splendid curriole, and sumptuous equipage: "Why?" replied the other, "because I want money, and I want every thing?"

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 18, 1867.

The city inspector reports the death of 36 persons (of whom 10 were men, 8 women, 12 boys and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of apoplexy 1, casualty 1, childbed 2, cholera 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, epilepsy 1, infantile flux 3, jaundice 1, intemperance 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, old age 1, palsy 1, stillborn 2, suicide by laudanum 1, syphilis 1, and 3 of worms.

The case of casualty was that of a child about a month old, accidentally overlaid by its mother.

A publication of the following letter which has been presented to the Mayor may be gratifying to our fellow citizens. I take the liberty to send it to you for that purpose.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN PINTARD.

City Inspector's office,
July 16, 1867.

New-York, July 15.
To Maturin Livingston, Esq.

Sir, I have arranged with the Secretary of Marine and War, that my submarine experiment for destroying a brig of 200 tons, shall commence on Saturday next, at 11 o'clock, for which purpose the brig will be anchored between Governor and Ellis's islands.

The operations of Saturday will be to exhibit with dumb Torpedoes, the various modes by which vessels may be assailed and destroyed, while at anchor or under sail, and on Monday next between the hours of 12 and 2, it will be shewn how an enemy's vessel or vessels on entering our ports may be annihilated, to prove which the brig shall be blown up.

As the success of such experiments may become of some importance to those who are interested in the safety of New-York, I beg leave, through you to invite the Governor, Mayor and Members of the corporation, with such other persons as you may think proper to attend will have the goodness to provide themselves with good row boats and meet me at Governor's island on Saturday morning between the hours of 10 and 11, that I may exhibit to them the machinery before the engines are put into the water. I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,
ROBERT FULTON.

From Washington we learn, that the Executive have resolved to call Congress to meet on the 25th of October next; to send the schooner Revenge with dispatches to our ministers at the court of St. James; no retaliation to take place till her return, but in the mean time the seaports to be fortified, 50 gun boats to be prepared and 100,000 militia embodied and prepared for immediate service.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

The Ladies of Norfolk, with that patriotism which does them much honour, have offered to lay aside their needles, and make cartridges for the Volunteers, &c. employed in defence of their country.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Five children, the family of Mr. John M. Sigley, living on Poplar Ridge, Scioto (Cayuga county) were poisoned last week, by eating wild parsnip or musquash root. The children, while playing about the house, had dug up some of this root and eat it, the baneful quality of which proved so powerful, that two out of the five died, notwithstanding every medical assistance. The other three are in a fair way of

recovery. It is to be hoped that this melancholy event will make people very careful in digging up the root, when observed near their houses; and that they will correct their children when found eating any kind of wild herbs.
AURORA GAZ.

Washington, (Geo.) June 20.

On Friday of last week, Mrs. Right, wife of Mr. John Right, five miles above town, was killed by lightning while sitting under a tree in the yard.

From a London paper.

Sagacity of a Dog—The following remarkable instance of sagacity in a dog, is stated to have occurred at Romney Marsh, in Kent.

A female child, about four years old, the daughter of a looker, at Belgar, between Romney and Lydd, having been left by its mother alone in a room where there was a fire, whilst she went abroad about some business, the clothes of the child caught the flames, and she ran terrified, with the garments burning, into an adjoining apartment, where a dog was tied up. The animal, it appears, as soon as the child came within his reach, threw her on the ground, and tore every article of her clothes off, in which situation she crawled to a bed, and wrapped herself in a blanket. On the return of the mother, she discovered some ashes and remnants of the child's clothes beside the dog, and approaching the bed, found the poor infant, with one of her arms burnt, and her side so miserably scorched that her heart was nearly perceptible; she had, however, power to tell her parent, that Shepherd, the dog's name, had taken her burning clothes off. She survived about an hour after her being discovered, and then expired.

Mr. Solomon Solomons, the celebrated rich Broker and Underwriter, died in London on the 20th of March, at the advanced age of 80. It is supposed he possessed property of different descriptions, to an amount little short of a million sterling.

The following toast was lately drank at a dinner of booksellers and printers in Dublin—

A handsome preface, ingenious introduction, good title, bold impression, strong binding, and general circulation to friendship and Irish hospitality.

A PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

From the European Magazine of August last.

"Mr. Joseph Edge aged 62, a native of Macclesfield in Cheshire, lately undertook on several bets, amounting to upwards of 2000 guineas, to perform a journey of 172 miles in 50 successive hours, which he completed in 49 hours and 20 minutes. This aged pedestrian started at 12 o'clock at night of the 16th instant, and arrived, accompanied by two gentlemen in a gig, at the Swan with two necks, Lad Lane, at 20 minutes past one o'clock on the morning of the 19th."

PETER STUYVERSAANT, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours. Kid Sander Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch.
May 23.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Guard them, Hymen! and secure
Pleasures which may long endure

MARRIED,

On Sunday morning last, at Perth-Amboy, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Capt. Ward Blackler, to Miss Mary Orne Lewis, daughter of the late Thomas Lewis, Esq. of Marblehead.

MORTALITY.

Death is a fisherman; the world we see
A fish pond is, and we the fishes be;
He sometimes, angler like, doth with us play,
And stily takes us one by one away."

DIED,

On Sunday last, on board the brig Havre, Breeze, from Charleston, Mr. James Gregorie, an old and respectable Merchant of Charleston, on his way to the Springs for the benefit of his health.—His body was preserved, and brought to the Quarantine Ground, where he was on Wednesday decently interred, attended by the passengers on board the Havre, and the officers of the quarantine establishment.

[The following Epitaph was written by a gentleman who now resides in Charleston, and was sent to his Lordship, for his perusal before his death.]

EPITAPH ON LORD LONSDALE.

Under this stone,
Divested of all his Wealth and Titles,
Lies the body of
JAMES LOUTHER;
Formerly, but erroneously called
The Right Honourable Earl of Lonsdale.
The Muse,
In pity and justice to humanity,
Draws the veil of silence over his deeds,
As she blushes to think
That a human form
Should possess a heart more savage
Than the fiercest brute that roams
The deserts of Numidia;
Or that any of the race of Adam
Should be guilty of such acts
Of cruelty and injustice,
As would make the Devil himself
Hold up his hands
And wonder who could do them.

Published and for sale by T and J. SWORDS, No. 160 Pearl street, and at No. 81 Fair street, (price handsomely bound, 1 dollar and 25 cents, containing upwards of 400 pages, the

DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN,

being Fifty-two short Discourses, with appropriate Hymns, on the most interesting subjects, for every Lord's day in the year. Designed for the improvement of Families of every Christian denomination, by JOHN STANFORD, M. A. New York.

This volume has already taken an unusual spread in the states of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, and obtained the attention and patronage of most religious denominations. It contains a rich variety of evangelical subjects without the acrimony of controversy and the bitterness of party. Indispensably important to every individual, and interwoven with the fibers of the christian heart. And although its primary design is to assist the devotion of the family and the closet, it will be found highly useful to those Churches and societies in the country who may be destitute of a minister. 958—11.

CISTERN,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by
ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-street, near the watch-house

FOR SALE,

A Black Girl, 14 years old, sober, honest, and industrious, Price 631. Enquire at No. 279 Broadway,

COURT OF APOLLO.

ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE,

RAISE high your glad voices ye children of fame,
This day were your fetters of slavery broken;
COLUMBIANS you are, and if proud of your name,
To-day make it known, and may this be your token—
Bid adieu to dull care, of contention beware,
Then kneel at the altar of Freedom and swear,
Till the last mournful knell of all nature shall toll,
No tyrant shall rule us, no despot control.

Shall Britain again dye with carnage our plains,
And George rule our land 'in all cases whatever,'
Send over his vile lordlings with fetters and chains,
And we wear his shackles! no, never—no, never.
Should occasion demand, we'll collect on the strand
And fight till our bones bleach the shores of our land
For until the dread knell, &c.

Columbia, thou dearest of nations, all hail!
How far-distant ages will smile at thy story—
The fame of old Greece will no longer prevail,
And Rome be eclips'd in the blaze of thy glory,
Our glad songs to the skies in full chorus shall rise,
Till the stars catch the sound and loud echo replies,
Till the last mournful knell, &c.

Thy sons shall exceed what all nations has done,
(There might let fell tyrants behold and take warning)
Thy daughters be vestals more pure than the sun,
Transcending in beauty the blushes of morning—
And thus favour'd we'll raise, our warm tributes
of praise,
To the God of our Fathers, the ancient of days,
And until the dread knell, &c.

By union cemented, our empire shall stand,
Unmov'd as a rock, waxing stronger and stronger,
Till he whose bold strides sweep the ocean and land,
In thunder pronounces, that time is no longer.
Then Columbia must fall, when the heavens like a
scroll
Pass away, and confusion has seiz'd upon all.
But until this dread knell of all nature shall toll,
No tyrant shall rule us, no despot control.

July 4.

—0000—

ANECDOTES.

A man of wit being asked what pleasure he could have in the company of a pretty woman who was a loquacious simpleton, replied, 'I love to see her talk.'

THE SOT IN A SACK.

A Man, sitting one evening at an alehouse, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw another, dead drunk, on an opposite bench. A thought instantly struck him; so, going to the landlord, he said, 'Do not you wish to get rid of this sot?' 'Aye, to be sure,' returned he; 'and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks.' 'Agreed,' said the other, 'get me a sack.' A sack was brought, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted Resurrectionist; when he knocked at the door 'Who's there?' said a voice 'I have brought you a subject,' replied the man, 'so come, quick, give me my fee.' The money was immediately paid, and the sack, with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had pretty nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone five minutes, began to endeavour to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried 'Why you dog, the man's alive?' 'Alive!' answered the other, 'so much the better, kill him when you want him.'

MORALIST.

—0000—

PLEASURE.

WHAT is pleasure? Is it to revel in all the luxuries riches can procure? Is it to have thousands at our command, and kingdoms subject to our will? Is it to mingle with the busy crowd, in quest of wealth, or to join with the votaries of fashion, and bow the knee to elegance and beauty, bedecked with the tinsel of ornament, and giddy with adulation and flattery? The heart will answer, "this is not pleasure." Satiated with those trifling enjoyments, in which the best emotions of the mind, the noblest virtues of the soul, can bear no part, we are continually roving in search of something, unattained, and as the objects of that search are ever worthless, because below the dignity of a rational being, disappointment mocks each hope, and happiness eludes the eager grasp.

Is it then found in courts where the smooth tongue of deceit, with honied accents, proffers friendship; and while one hand is extended to embrace the unsuspecting victim, the other grasps a dagger for his destruction? Or is it in what the wild enthusiast terms love, which could "live on a look, and banquet on a smile;" which, discarding the sober influence of reason, is founded entirely upon the delusions of the imagination, and vainly thinks perfection dwells on earth? But beauty is a flower, fragile as it is lovely, transient as the mists of morning, which vanish before the mid-day sun.—When, therefore, this charm of an hour disappears, they, who look not at the superior beauties of the mind, turn with disgust from the face no longer fair.

Where then is pleasure to be found? It is in soothing the sorrows of the afflicted; in "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked," and teaching joy and gladness to illumine the pale countenance of affliction, that we are to seek for happiness. The tear of gratitude, the look, more eloquent than a thousand words, which speaks the thankfulness of the heart, are more to be prized than the wealth of Indies, and afford a satisfaction far superior to all that pomp and power can produce.

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do do.
Paper do do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do do Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming and tassels.
With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

November

925—tf

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almost Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton

Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic

Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-

knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies

and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but

have their goods fresh and free from adulteration

which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

JOHN C. TUCKER,

LADIES SHOE-MAKER,

He informs his friends and the publick, that he has opened shop in the above line at No. 129 William-street, where he has on hand a fresh assortment of shoes of every description. The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the southern and West India market. All orders will be attended to with dispatch. June 13

NOTICE.

J Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No. 8 Bow-lway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard
M.ry 23 953—3m

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.